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Mrs. Gertrude M. Jones,
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N.Y.



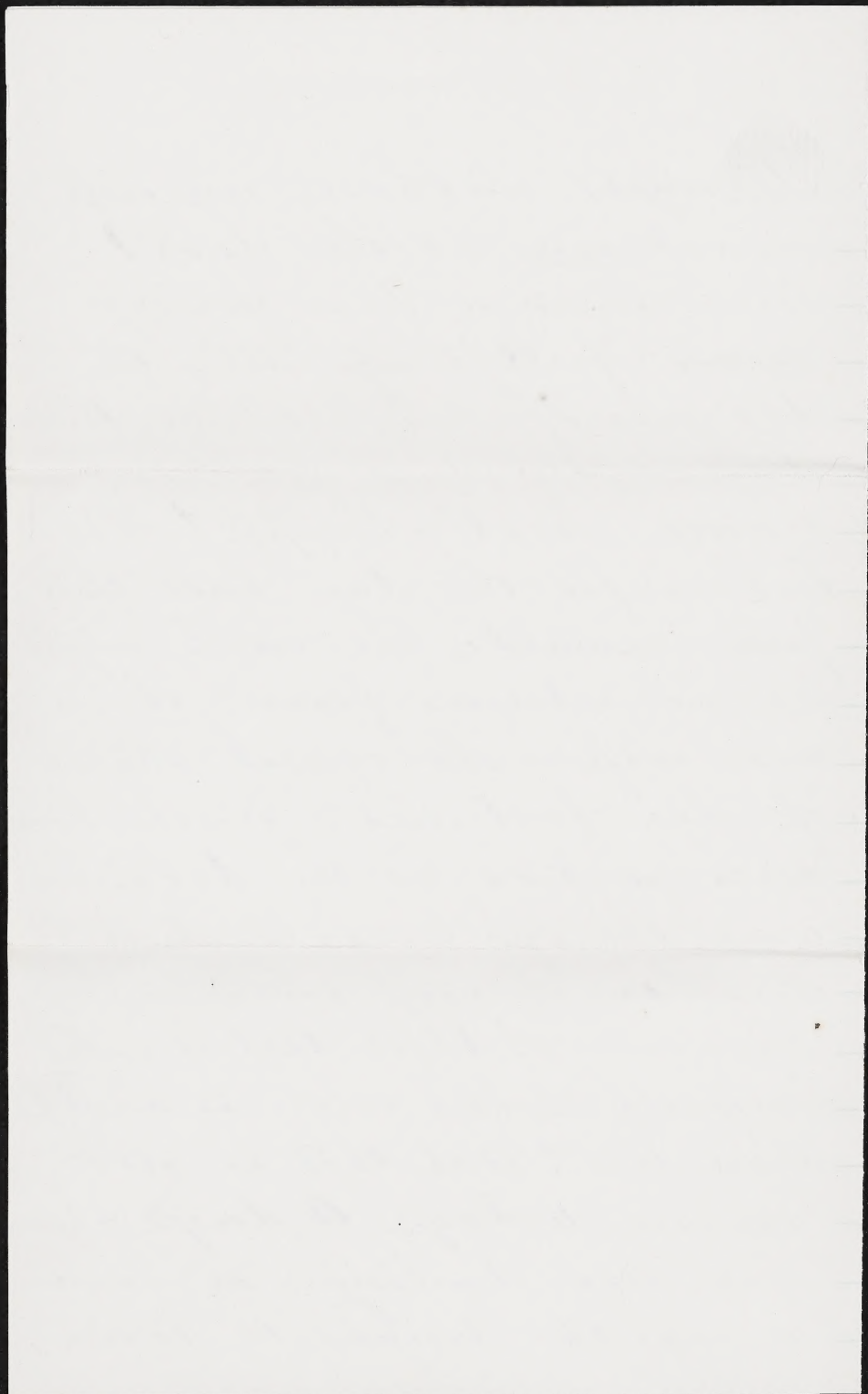
Allegheny, Penna.,
Sept. 24, 1872.

My own darling wife,

As I came
in this afternoon, a little
past six o'clock, from a
long walk in search of
an agent, I saw a lady
- some people would
say a woman - standing
alone on the corner near
the hotel. There was nothing
about her to attract especial
attention; but I noticed her,
for just at the moment I
passed her a man came
along with a little pail in
his hand and a laborer's
onit upon him. I saw a

smile light up her face, and, as he came by her side, she turned on her heel, put her arm tenderly and lovingly through his and walked towards their home! They were young people, possibly twenty five and thirty years old; she was neatly dressed and he not uncleanly in appearance. He was undoubtedly returning from his day's labor. They were happy, and my heart rejoiced to see them so; but instinctively my thoughts bounded all the way across the intervening space that separates my own loved wife and me, and I thought, oh! how glad I would be to go home

to-night and have my wife
meet me at the door! Here was a poor young
man fulfilling all the
designs of his nature, toiling
day after day for his
living, and - happy! His
labors for the day have their
full reward, for each night
as he returns from them
his wife - the equal sharer
of his fortunes - meets him
with a kiss at the door. Here
was the full realization by
another of my own happy
dreams of life! And I asked
myself what more is wanted
than this? And this is not
mine to-day. A day's absence
from my darling, or even
a week's might be borne,



especially if it were not to be repeated too often, but these long months away from her! - I am so miserable and unhappy in them. My heart went out to those young people, and I secretly prayed for their continued happiness, and I asked myself would we not be better pleased and far more happy to be as they?

And all these things kept whispering me of you, my love, and I said to myself that I would write you a little letter to night - even at the risk of violating the example set by you, and of crowding more than two letters into one

week. I will restrain myself as much as possible, however, and try not to inflict you with too much of what cannot be agreeably returned - especially as long as you are so situated as not to miss my absence.

I would so like to come home to-night and rest. I am foot sore and tired, and my heart aches, oh! so much! I miss something: I don't know what. It can't be your love, for I feel pretty certain of that, though if I were closer by ~~or~~ had a fresh letter now and then to cheer me up I should feel - no, not exactly more certain of it, for I am certain of it now - but a little

more contented with it. I do not look for letters very often now; - I go to the office three or four times each day from force of habit - but I know I shall not get more than two letters a week, so I repress the sighs as I pass the empty box and plod along.

I have not quite finished my work here, but the prospect seems very favorable. I will not change my address again, however, just yet. I think I will write to New-Castle in the morning for a letter, & see if I do not meet with success. Good night, my love, and May God bless you ever is the sincere prayer of
Your lovely, wandering Will

